



to this rule. No good motive can ever prompt a man to depart from it. Mr. Phillips, now not only acknowledges, but proves that his apparent quotation was not a quotation; and he goes further, and confesses that he saw the proofs. It is true, he denies observing the 'quotation marks.' But if he intended that the language should not go to the public as mine, would he not have observed them? Besides, he introduces the subject as follows: 'Mr. Mann said, and then adds, "in one of his speeches." Then his rebuke of the surreptitious sentiment, his singling out the *hinge-word* of the sentence as mine, and exclaiming, 'What a "Bun!"—from the lips, too, of a champion of the higher law!—say, from the lips!—what pertinency or relevancy in all this, if he did not mean to have the public believe that his words were my words?'

But further, I maintain that there is a whole diameter of difference between the meaning of my language and of his substitute for it. My remarks, the passage—over now most unfairly quoted—were addressed wholly to Southern men—to a Southern audience—forewarning them what, upon their own principles, they must expect, should they dissolve the Union. Mr. Phillips represents me as speaking to the North, rather than to the South, because, when nothing appears to the contrary a man is supposed to be speaking to the people among whom he lives; and as saying to my fellow citizens, at home, that—I state it in my original inference in his own language—that I 'would return fugitive slaves, until the States are separated.' An admonition to the South, that after they shall have dissolved the Union, they may not, on any principle of international law, redress their fugitive slaves. Mr. Phillips tortures into a declaration by me, to the North, that I stand ready and willing to return fugitives until such dissolution shall take place.

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I answered by showing that I did not 'avoid a reply, but made one; that I saw no dilemma, and so did not 'avoid it by silence'; that I kept back nothing that I 'should have plainly said,' but said it all with my strength and from a full heart; and that I did not 'not to be interrupted,' but submitted, with the other, to be interrupted, several times; and only when the whole point of the interruption had been stated did I express a hope not to be 'further' interrupted. What I did under justifiable qualifications, he charged upon me absolutely and without qualification. To all this, the whole substance of Mr. Phillips' reply is, that if he is not right, then he 'does not understand language.' In common with what every reader must do, I accept the alternative. If all those assertions were not pure invention, then Mr. Phillips' does not understand language.

The next point in issue between us Mr. Phillips has incorrectly stated. I said his 'next paragraph is also a tissue of misrepresentations.' What I said of the 'paragraph' he restricts to one sentence in it, which then attempts to defend.

In my reply, I said, 'I know of no Free Soiler who has not the strongest desire to arrest the wrongs of Slavery by all the legitimate means within his power, or who "consents to let Slavery remain where it is," in any other sense than as he consents to the subjugation of Hungary, or to the usurpation of Louis Napoleon—because he can't help it.' I never intimated anything to the contrary of this; and, let me say, I do not Mr. Phillips' 'consent' in the same way?

To impugn this, that is, to prove that I have no desire to arrest the wrongs of Slavery, and that I do not 'consent [voluntarily] to let Slavery remain where it is,' Mr. Phillips makes five quotations from my speeches.

Now, I aver that each one of these five quotations is cited for an unfair purpose, which unfair purpose is of an obvious distinction will prove.

Like other Free Soilers, I hold that Congress, or the general government, has no power, under the Constitution, to abolish Slavery within the States, while, at the same time, as a citizen of the United States, and as a man, my whole heart wrestles and agonizes to arrest the wrongs of Slavery?

Now, all the passages with which Mr. Phillips has cited under this head were spoken in my capacity as a Congressional legislator, or with reference to legislation by Congress. In that capacity, I have disclosed nothing to the contrary, just as other Free Soilers have done—just as Mr. Giddings has done scores of times. But nowhere have I disclaimed or renounced moral interference. On the contrary, my published volume abounds with passages which are moral interference, with the most massive and keen-edged weapons I was able to forge—not terrible, I well know, like those wielded by others, and yet, may I hope, not discreditable to me. I speak within bounds when I say, that there are fifty passages in my speeches carrying out the doctrine of moral interference, embodying it, executing it, for every passage of legal disclaimer. As Mr. Phillips says he has been 'obliged to look again over my volume,' he must have seen these pages. In one of the opening paragraphs of this very reply, he professes to 'appreciate' the 'good words' I have spoken for the Anti-Slavery cause, and adds, 'my blood has thrilled too often beneath his glowing eloquence, his stinging denunciations, and those pictures of Slavery which thrill one's soul.' Yet he discards all this class of passages with which my public writings are filled, and forgets his own concessions, in order to fasten upon me the imputation of moral indifference, and even 'consent' in regard to the existence of Slavery. Against hundreds of instances of earnest moral dissent and protestation, he cites less than half a dozen cases of involuntary and exorted legal 'consent,' and then, in violation of every rule of logic, of justice, and of fairness, forces the conclusion that I, in common with other Free Soilers, 'have no concern for Slavery in the States.' Mark these words—every one an out-cry: 'HAVE NO CONCERN—FOR [or on account of] Slavery—in the States.'

'In the speech of Feb. 16, 1850,' says Mr. Phillips, 'Mr. Mann is so far from denying my statements, that he admits to having heard of anybody who did wish to give up the cause of Slavery.'

'This is quite probable,' says Mr. Mann, 'in one of the introductory paragraphs of that speech, which he has just looked over again, occurs the following:—and if an unspeakable abhorrence of this institution, and the belief that it is the second greatest enormity which the oppressor in his power ever committed against the oppressed in his weakness.' 'I say that this abhorrence of Slavery, and this belief in its criminality, entitle me to be called a true Anti-Slavery Abolitionist, then I rejoice in my unscrupulous right to do as I please.'

'I will take the trouble to read the first twenty pages of that speech alone, I defy him to withhold his condemnation from Mr. Phillips for intimating that he 'seem never to have heard of anybody who did wish to agitate for the abolition of Slavery in the States; or that I 'have no concern for Slavery in the States.'

Besides, before Mr. Phillips could come at any such inference, even by the forcing and ravishment of my language, he has been guilty of it. He had to disclaim the very terms of my statement. Mr. Mann's was, that we would 'arrest the wrongs of Slavery by all the legitimate means within our power,' and he well knows that we hold legislation by Congress to abolish Slavery in the States not to be 'legitimate means.' I suppose Mr. Phillips holds this doctrine himself. If so, then I have the same right to assert that he cares not for Slavery, or has no concern for it. The slaves here come from me, in their natural and obvious sense, and as applicable to the subject matter in hand, were all true. But there is a sense in which nothing can be more false. Mr. Phillips cites them in the latter sense.

Mr. Phillips dwells at length on my 'lack of explicitness,' my 'throwing a cloud about' my opinions, &c., in regard to the oath of office which Free Soilers take. In my former reply, I passed this matter by lightly, saying that I had no difficulty about it, because the Constitution 'requires us to do nothing in violation of the Higher Law God.' He now returns to the topic, catches me in a series of formal questions, demands, *ex cathedra*, definite and explicit answers; and if I do not give them, the drift of his argument, his aim is to prove that Free Soilers who take the oath of office—Palfrey, Allen, Sumner, Chase, Giddings, Hale, &c.—are guilty of perjury.

P. S. Editors who have copied Mr. Phillips' rejoinder to me, are respectfully requested to copy this rejoinder.

Now so far from desiring to 'throw any cloud' about my opinion, I frankly confess I did not surmise before, that Mr. Phillips had such a puerile and infantile in his head as he here discloses. I will then improve the time by telling him how he will then improve the time by attending to his own.

Mr. Phillips appears not to be aware of a most plain and palpable legal distinction, and one without which our courts could not get along for a day. He talks as though our oaths were *general oaths*, and not *special oaths*; as though they were oaths to *perform all* the official duties of the office we fill. I suppose Mr. Mann's 'oath of the office of Free Soiler' is a United States Marshal, or foul Fugitive Slave Commissioner. When Free Soilers are found taking an oath which shall oblige them to return fugitive slaves, then let them be blasted with the swiftest lightning.

But, to help out this strange conceit, Mr. Phillips degrades our oaths to heaven into mere promises to men, by declaring that they are binding in that sense in which the nation's oaths makes God a party to the transaction; it is binding in that sense in which He knows the party took it. When I ask what is my duty under my oath, I look to the record in heaven; but Mr. Phillips refers me to the votes at the last election. My doctrine is, that my guides to duty are my conscience and my Maker; Mr. Phillips' doctrine is that I am bound by the Supreme Court and the popular will; or the will of the *whole nation*, as he elsewhere expresses it. According to him, the oath of office is a *promise to the nation*—that it will be done, and the nation, which was a many purposes *in rem*, is different, from those of the 'nation' and the Supreme Court.

What a 'Bun!'—from the lips, too, of a champion of the higher law!

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to the custody of said negro or mulatto, in accordance with the laws of the United States passed upon this subject, he shall, upon the owner or agent paying all costs up to the time of claiming said negro or mulatto, and the cost of proving the same, and also the balance of the fine remaining unpaid, give to said owner a certificate of said facts, and said owner or agent so claiming shall have a right to take and remove said slave out of the State.

If any one of the persons shall refuse to issue any writ or process necessary for the arrest and prosecution of any negro or mulatto, under the provisions of this act, upon complaint being made before said justice by any resident of his county, and his fees for said service being tendered him, shall be deemed guilty of non-freedom in office, and upon conviction thereof punished accordingly, and in all cases where the jury find for the negro or mulatto, or that he, she, or they are the most respectable citizens of Leon county. He is one of the most popular coloured preachers hereabouts, and has often many white people to hear him preach.

We are not sure whether our Southern contemporary means by this to prove to us that they have in that region slaves who are excellent preachers, or preachers who are excellent slaves; but if it be the latter fact to which he wishes to call our attention, we can assure him it is by no means an uncommon thing with us; but if the former, then we assure him we think the worse of Slavery the better the men it holds in bondage.

See 10. Every person who shall have one-fourth negro blood shall be deemed a mulatto.

Sec. 11. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved February 12th, 1853.

GEORGE DOUGHTY.—George Doughty, of Jamaica, Long Island, is known to many of our readers, and most of his friends probably have heard that he has recently become insane. An hereditary tendency, probably, acted upon an unbounded faith in what are called "Spiritual Manifestations," so unsettled his mind that he first became the dupe of some designing swindlers; and other evidences of insanity soon showed themselves, his friends wisely placed him in the Bloomingdale Asylum. Unfortunately the character of the design of the "Media" was not discovered till they had induced him to part with a large sum of money. We copy below a portion of the evidence before the Commissioners as a matter of interest to his friends:

John Doughty—sworn—I reside in Brooklyn; I know George Doughty, and have always been acquainted with him. He was a man of a very nervous temperament about a year ago that his mind was affected; he then became interested in what they call "spirit rappers," and took considerable interest in investigating the matter; and in so doing he became acquainted with what he called a "spiritual medium," and this medium, after he knew her for some time, professed to have spiritual communications; and among others, that she communicated with the spirit of his brother, and that appeared to have the effect of disorganizing his mind; and he was not satisfied with this, but he was not only on that but other subjects; it seemed to agitate his mind; it is now about six months ago that I heard of his communications with his brother, who had been dead about ten years; he told me that within the last three months past he had had a communication from his brother; this medium directing him to give her a sum of money, which he told me he had done; it was \$5,000; at another time she had directed him to buy a pair of spectacles, and when he paid this, she directed him to the direction of the spirit for the sum of \$5,000; also that he had a communication which stated that he was to be Postmaster-General, I think he said; this came through his telling me he was preparing to go to Washington, and that he had nominated Postmasters for different cities; he told me who was to be the Postmaster here; it was about 55 or 60 years of age; the last I heard of this medium was when she was on a steamboat bound for New York, and she was to be a colour in the Postmaster's box in St. Louis; the statement about Postmaster-General was made about a month ago; he mortgaged his real estate to pay her the \$8,000; I understand he hypothesized about \$10,000 in bonds and mortgages; he said he had adopted this medium as a daughter; she was 35 or 40 years old; he said he had given papers to Mr. Doughty by which she was to be a daughter of his and an heir to his property; that he had taken back these papers and given her \$5,000; he had a communication with Benjamin to do this; he also said this was going to bring about a new order of things; he also said he had communications from his deceased daughter, she had been dead perhaps three or six months; they related to her happiness in the spirit land; in fact, he had communications on all subjects, on his farming matters; he said, when he got communications from his angelic brother he would follow; the medium left after she got the \$8,000; he got a paper purporting to be from the spirit of his brother, and he had a paper for the soul to go to school with copper; they say it is good for nothing; I understand that the person who sold the patent was staying at the Irving House with the medium.

The written communications were written by Mr. French; his mind has been somewhat disordered on some subjects for a number of years; he told me all the slaves in the United States were to be liberated within five years; his sister was insane and died in the Liverpool Hospital.

David T. Brown, sworn—I am the physician at Bloomingdale. George Doughty is a patient there, and has been since the 13th of February; I deemed it impudent to bring him here; he still persists in saying that he got these communications from his brother; believes still the woman is honest; believes the man is honest; he wishes all communications with him to be writing.

Richard S. Williams, sworn—it was not until the 15th of January that I was apprised of these acts of fraud; [the balance of Mr. Williams' testimony was merely corroborative of Mr. John Williams.]

John J. Letting, sworn—The loan was, to my knowledge, obtained from the Irving Savings' Bank, and he gave a mortgage on the house and lot in Court street, Brooklyn.

The Jury returned a verdict of Lunacy, and made provision for the division of Mr. Doughty's property in case of his death.

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STAFFORD HOUSE.—The English papers announce that the Duchess of Sutherland has announced that Mrs. Stowe will receive her friends at Stafford House when in London.

A Southern paper comes to us with the following paragraph conspicuously marked:

The Wakulla Times, of Wednesday, says: On Sunday last twelve negroes were baptised in the St. Marks river, by the Rev. James Park. For the information of the Rev. James Park, and others in the North, who seem to feel so deeply interested in the religious privileges of the Southern slaves, we will state that the Rev. James Page is a black man—a slave, the property of Col. Parkhill, of Leon county. He was regularly ordained a minister of the Baptist Church, in New Port, some eighteen months ago, and on that occasion produced letters of recommendation from his owner, from Judge James B. Brooks (Governor elect Florida), and from W. W. Winthrop, and others of the most respectable citizens of Leon county. He is one of the most popular coloured preachers hereabouts, and has often many white people to hear him preach.

We are not sure whether our Southern contemporary means by this to prove to us that they have in that region slaves who are excellent preachers, or preachers who are excellent slaves; but if it be the latter fact to which he wishes to call our attention, we can assure him it is by no means an uncommon thing with us; but if the former, then we assure him we think the worse of Slavery the better the men it holds in bondage.

See 10. Every person who shall have one-fourth negro blood shall be deemed a mulatto.

Sec. 11. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved February 12th, 1853.

the perseverance and consistency of his obscure fidelity to the interests of Slavery.

Pay day has now come, and the clamorous partisans who conducted the canvass must have the reward for their services, according to their kind. Had Mr. Pierce even sufficient magnanimity to respect the more than acquiescence with which conservative Whigism has regarded his election, he has not sufficient courage to front with a rebuff the hungry gang that infest the parlor of the White House. As that gambling sentiment, "To the victors belong the spoils," never had a more distinct expression than in his late inaugural, it is probable that the application of it will be more summary and complete than ever before. It is already universally understood among the applicants for office that attachment to Slavery is the sole ground of preference. Each eager canvasser will try, if possible, to stab his rival with the charge of Abolitionism, and the faintest shade of humanity will be a "damned spot," that will not "out," though more bitterly repented than the deadliest sin. Should heaven make such merciless requisitions for the sins of mankind as this administration will make for Anti-Slavery opinions, not a human soul can be saved. Some applicants will be repudiated for having said publicly that Slavery was an evil; some for expressing joy that a fugitive has escaped; some for shedding tears over 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' One zealous Democrat in this vicinity is likely to lose a collection热带 because, four years ago, at the request of a neighbour, he thoughtlessly called a Free Soil meeting to order, and then ran home. To read the myriad letters with which the administration has been dunned since last November, and see in how many of them men have denied sentiments most honourable to their natures, and claimed as merits the most false and atrocious opinions, and the basest services, would give a vomit to the devil himself.

Nobody, however, will be disappointed or outraged. All this was in the programme, and for that matter is as respectable as the last regime. Free speech, free speech, and free printing, however, may be allowed for a few years longer yet; and the only decent, consistent, or dignified opposition that can be made to this administration is upon the question of Slavery.

THE LEMON CASE.—The Virginia House of Delegates has passed a Resolution directing the Attorney General to prosecute the appeal in the Lemon Case, before the Supreme Court of this State. Some fears have been expressed that, in this connection, the misfortune of Mr. Hubbard to Louisiana, will be remembered against the law-officer of Virginia. It is more likely, however, that he will be received by the Castle Garden Committee with the freedom of N. Y. City in good snuff-box—it can be easily put in a very small one—than by the Anti-Slavery Committee informing him that his passage is taken in the first steamer for the South. There is, as a friend of ours sometimes says, "odds in giner."

THE BOSTON COMMONWEALTH says that Abraham Johnson and Sylvia Johnson, his wife, two persons of colour, have recently arrived at New Bedford in the schooner Armidia, from Jefferson, Ga. They were respectively as cool and stately as the brig Round Pond, and on arriving at Jefferson, they were locked in prison according to law. The Round Pond being delayed, the captain of the Armidia kindly received them on board, and gave them a passage home. They are quite destitute, and need assistance to get to Providence, where they belong.

[For the Standard.]

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

The persevering fidelity of the Democracy of New Hampshire to the interests that have so long controlled this nation has at length received its reward. Her valleys are not so dark, nor so far North, that years of faithful devotion to the Slave Power can remain forever hidden in them. The savoury incense, kept burning so long on the Granite Hills, has been wafted by the North wind under the nose of the Moloch of Southern Slavery. The propitiatory demon has recognised and rewarded his worshippers. The humble has been exalted. That which was said in the ear in the corner of a caucus may now be proclaimed from the White House top. The Jesuitical tactics of Concord have been removed to Washington. The cabal that watched from the office of the *Patriot*, to repress every expression of free thought, every movement of true democracy in New Hampshire, that manipulated and *wire-pulled* the small machinery of Locofocoism there, that throttled Parson Atwood, and, having shaken out of him his manliness, his self-respect, and his accidental attachment to principle, flung him away, can now manœuvre on the more conspicuous theatre of Washington. Thence they can frown awfully on the movements of Northern Abolitionists, and wink secretly at the movements of Southern filibusters. Their agents may attend every slave-hunt in the free States; their attorneys make inquiry for blood in every court, where men's liberties are lawlessly put in question, while diplomatic plots are contrived for the enslavement of the West-Indians, and Mexico is plied with fresh provocations to war. Over the whole world they may be effective service in repressing the aspirations and efforts of the people for freedom, less than the cold-blooded indifference with which they will regard the struggle than by their determination to make the freedom of this nation a mockery and a lie.

There is less necessity for some people to define their position than they are apt to imagine. Indeed, for most men, speech seems a superfluous expression; their characters find other modes of making themselves known. It was not necessary for the President to assure us that he would have none but his own partisans, men of his own calibre and character, in office, nor that he would do all that could be done to coax, bully or plunder the Island of Cuba away from Spain; nor that he would uphold "involuntary servitude," as one of the "institutions" recognised in and secured by the Constitution. Of course he would do all these things. It was expected of him when he was nominated. He had communications from his deceased daughter, she had been dead perhaps three or six months; they related to her happiness in the spirit land; in fact, he had communications on all subjects, on his farming matters; he said, when he got communications from his angelic brother he would follow; the medium left after she got the \$8,000; he got a paper purporting to be from the spirit of his brother, and he had a paper for the soul to go to school with copper; they say it is good for nothing; I understand that the person who sold the patent was staying at the Irving House with the medium.

The written communications were written by Mr. French; his mind has been somewhat disordered on some subjects for a number of years; he told me all the slaves in the United States were to be liberated within five years; his sister was insane and died in the Liverpool Hospital.

David T. Brown, sworn—I am the physician at Bloomingdale. George Doughty is a patient there, and has been since the 13th of February; I deemed it impudent to bring him here; he still persists in saying that he got these communications from his brother; believes still the woman is honest; believes the man is honest; he wishes all communications with him to be writing.

Richard S. Williams, sworn—it was not until the 15th of January that I was apprised of these acts of fraud; [the balance of Mr. Williams' testimony was merely corroborative of Mr. John Williams.]

John J. Letting, sworn—The loan was, to my knowledge, obtained from the Irving Savings' Bank, and he gave a mortgage on the house and lot in Court street, Brooklyn.

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With that fresh violation of the Constitution, what outrage upon the poor, the President may signalize his administration, it may be unnecessary to predict. Mr. Tyler annexed Texas; Mr. Polk plundered Mexico; Mr. Fillmore surrendered the *Habeas Corpus* and *Trial by Jury*, and introduced the horrors of Slavery into the free States. Some like deed will not be wanting by which Mr. Pierce may test his fidelity, and emulate their example. He seems not a little humble and overpowered by the greatness that has been thrust upon him, and justly attributes it not to his talents and influence or the value of his public services, but to

Congress a much more able body, if this change could be introduced, and I make no charge for the suggestion. A statue in the Capitol at Washington might not be an appropriate reward—but I forbear from any hints which might seem to partake of a personal motive.

The principal object of the Convention is so to arrange the Legislature as to diminish somewhat the overweening influence of Boston and the other large towns. This it will be proposed to do, I suppose, by dividing the State into separate Senatorial Districts, instead of having each county elect by a General Ticket. Thus the preponderance of a large town in one part of a County will not be allowed to swamp all the rest. And it will put a stop to what may be called "The Sandwiching System," or the custom of clapping one very thin slice of a man (quite invisible to the naked eye) between two corpulent cuts of Whig bread and butter, and compelling the liege to swallow them all together. Every man will then stand on his own merits, as is the case with your State. As to the changes to be introduced into the popular branch, it will be more difficult than the *Post* to change the rooted customs of any people. But it is certainly absurd that attachment to Slavery is the sole ground of preference. Each eager canvasser will try, if possible, to stab his rival with the charge of Abolitionism, and the faintest shade of humanity will be a "damned spot," that will not "out," though more bitterly repented than the deadliest sin. Should heaven make such merciless requisitions for the sins of mankind as this administration will make for Anti-Slavery opinions, not a human soul can be saved. Some applicants will be repudiated for having said publicly that Slavery was an evil; some for expressing joy that a fugitive has escaped; some for shedding tears over 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

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## Miscellaneous Department.

## MY SHADY PASSION.

I am stating nothing but a simple truth, when I declare that, without any previous acquaintance with its owner, I fell in love with a shadow. Who that has seen Mademoiselle Corle, in the bewitching vision of "Ondine," dancing in simulated moonlight, has not felt that if some cautious prude had made the dancer to stop, and left the shadow, he might easily have fallen in love with the graceful, fitting shade upon the ground? But mine was simply a shadow on a blind. To worship a symbol, without any correct idea of the attributes of that which it symbolized, is idolatry; and into this idolatry I fell, I knew my danger. If disappointed, I should not be able to console myself by saying, "Ah, well! it was of Julia or Louisa that I was thinking after all." I had begun with a shadow; and let the substance turn out what it might, I must be content.

I admit that it was my own fault. While those who fall in love with a substance do so unsuspecting—entrapped by over confidence in themselves, or led into it, like Benedict, by the schemes of others—I deliberately resolved to cultivate my passion in the teeth of much discouragement. "Surely," I thought (something else within me thought without deigning, till long afterwards, to apprise me of its conclusions), "in loving a shadow, all else must be shadowy, even to the common dangers of love." An argument of which I might have found a hundred analogies to demonstrate the fallacy. But my mind was obstinately made up. I sat at the window of my solitary room, as soon as the oil-lamps hung across the narrow straggling street were lighted, and watched the window nearly opposite—sitting in the dark that I might not be observed. There was the shadow to be seen every evening, and just above it, the complete outline of a sleeping bird in a cage, hanging by a cord. Whether this object, whose form I watched so intently, was old or young, ugly or pretty, sour or good-tempered, I did not know. I saw only that it was a woman, and that it did not wear spectacles. My feeling for some time might have been one of mere curiosity; for never in the day-time, when the blind was up, could I see there the slightest trace of woman or birdcage. Soon after dusk the curtains would drop suddenly, the light came, and there was the bird and my shadow working or sometimes (as I fancied) resting. At first I thought that I could smoke very well in the dark, and that I would sit and watch from sheer lack of a more definite purpose. My first intimation that curiosity was changing into love, was my readiness to construct all indications to the advantage of the shadow. Blind to its defects—as when men are enamored of a substance—I persisted, when the outline was altered from some cause, in believing that the very fairest form that it ever assumed was its true one—an unreasonable belief; since, according to the position of the light, the ugliest features may be made to show well in shadow—while the prettiest may become hideously distorted. But who but a man wilfully blinded would not have felt serious doubts when that face—sometimes of ordinary dimensions—became ridiculously elongated, when that bosom suddenly grew to matronly breadth; when a nose would sometimes flatten like a negro's, and again grow out to unusual length—only one in a whole evening becoming an ordinary nose—at which time alone I capriciously believed that she was standing with mathematical exactness between the lamp and the blind. To see (when I indulgedly supposed that she had taken the lamp in her hand, and stooped to pick up something) her form suddenly shrank up, till I could not see her head, and she stood there, looking like a decapitated giraffe; and sometimes to behold her, from some cause, as suddenly crushed down into a dowdy likeness of a caravan dwarf—was enough to provoke the laugh that is fatal to a wretched passion. But no! I might have been impelled at the distortions, but I was too far advanced for laughing.

I forgot to mention that the narrow, straggling street, of which I have spoken, was the Rue d'Alainete, in the City of Rouen—since pulled down for the approaches to the great square of St. Ouen, and rebuilt with houses very different from those old, overhanging, low-drooped, and small-windowed tenements of beams and stone-grey plaster, in which we lived. I was a stranger, without a friend in Rouen. Mr. Guinde, the celebrated historian (whose acquaintance I had made in Paris), had employed me to decipher ancient English and French manuscripts, in the library of Notre Dame, for his use in writing his well-known History of the Parliament of Normandy; a labour that occupied me many months. And thus my days were spent in straining my eyes over yellow parchments, and my evenings in watching the shadow on the blind.

I had felt lonely—very lonely: perhaps this contributed to my interest in the shadow. It was winter time, and my labours in the library ceasing at dusk, my evenings were proportionately long. One afternoon, a fog of the old familiar colour of the parchments I had been pouring over, came creeping up from the river, till I could not distinguish the opposite walls. That night, I betook myself gloomily to read beside a miserable fire. The next night was foggy again. No Platonism could be more abstract and self-sufficient than my passion; but if I were to be denied the very lightest food that ever love was nourished on, I felt that it must be starved into action. Therefore, the next afternoon, meeting the fog sweeping up the street again a little after sunset, I went directly over to the porter's lodge of the house opposite, and, having remarked to the porter (whom I knew slightly) that it was very foggy, asked him who lived on the second floor on that side of the house.

The porter glanced at the hooks for hanging the lodger's keys within the lodge, and answered, "M. La Roche." "What is his business?" "I never knew. I am not curious."

Now, it is a general maxim, that when the porter of a large house in France does not know the business of any one of the lodgers, that lodger must be engaged in concerns of a secret and extraordinary nature. This fact, therefore, I noted.

"Has he a wife?" I asked nervously.

"No; only a sister."

"Indeed! I never saw either him or his sister."

"Very likely; he seldom goes out except at night, and the young lady scarcely ever, unless she walks in the garden behind the house."

"And his name, you say, is—?"

"Hush!" said the porter, suddenly turning towards the door. I turned also, and saw there a tall man, with a stoop in the shoulders, long dark hair, and a face with such hideous features; and such a repulsive expression, that I could scarcely refrain from uttering some exclamation.

"Any letters for me, M. Grégoire?" I asked the porter.

"None, sir," replied the porter; and, to my great relief, the hideous countenance disappeared.

"That was M. La Roche," said the porter, when he had gone.

"Indeed, it is his sister then—?" I was about to add "like him," but could not make up my mind to put a question so important: so I merely said, "older or younger than he?"

"Younger. But if you should—?"

"What?"

"If you should wish—?"

Without in the slightest degree divining the drift of his question, I interrupted him by saying, "Oh no! not at all; I'm much obliged to you," and hastened out.

"Shall I call it a proof of my infatuation; or shall I regard it (as I did then) as an indication of the high and ethereal nature of my sentiment, that I shrank thus instinctively, from a personal knowledge of the owner of my shadow?" I am inclined to take credit for it. The event of all this (as you are aware, if you are a philosopher) enters not into this question. I have a right, in defending my conduct at that time, to take my stand where I stood at that time. I might (some would say) at once have questioned the porter, and thus, perhaps, have saved myself, the folly of wasting my time night after night. But I was not wasting my time. The emotional part of my nature, and the divinest faculty of imagination, must be nourished, if I am to become in all parts well proportioned; and for these, illusions are an excellent food. If the contemplation of a mere shadow will serve to lift me, and keep me for many days above the snake and air of this dim spot, then, although I may suddenly drop down to earth again, I shall carry with me the benefit of that pure atmosphere that I have breathed; the quality of the spirit will be improved, which I take to be the sum of all education.

After this defence, I trust that no one will think contemptuously of me when I relate that, on the following afternoon, my old enemy, the fog, having missed his way, and wandered (as I heard afterwards) about the marshes behind the Faubourg d'Amplete, I planted myself again at the window, and watched as before. But this time the birdcage was there with the bird (still standing upon one leg, and with his head sunk into his neck, motionless on his perch), but my shadow was not. Afterwards, horrible subsitute! the gigantic brother must have

walked across the room towards the window; for I saw the shape of his hideous head appear at the top of the blind, and slowly sink (like the ghost of Banquo), till the whole dreadful spectre vanished. After an hour's watching, I saw at last my shadow approaching, as it set a box (I think) on the table; I saw it place a chair or something like it, beside it; I saw it stand a moment before sitting down, and, with arms uplifted, arrange its back hair, and fit it with a comb—did I have no misgivings? No thoughts of the possibility of a family likeness? I did; but I deliberately refused to entertain them, and insensibly drove them out as soon as they presented themselves.

But one day fate willed that (unlike the dog in the fable) I should drop my shadow for a substance. I was in the cathedral on a Sunday afternoon, listening to the chanting of the singers hidden in the choir, when suddenly catching the dull sound of the closing of the bâche-covered door behind me, I looked round involuntarily, and saw such a pretty face, that I could not fail (in spite of my shyness) to be won over to my imagination the total of a human face; and next, because to describe it in detail would give a false impression of that sudden glance in which, without taking account of the character of her nose, or the colour of her eyes, I saw that she was beautiful. Into the poor-box I saw her drop a coin, and, let the truth be told, without any apparent desire to conceal her charity from the world. Then she passed on; and taking one of the straw chairs in the middle of the nave, and balancing it on two legs—as is customary in French churches—leamed over the back of it, and in that devout posture began (as I charitably hoped) to say her prayers. And now as I sat behind her, a symmetrical figure, dressed in black, a lace veil, flung back, as well as a pair of chocolate-coloured boots became deeply interesting. "The tyranny of material forms," as a German philosopher would say, "was re-established." How could a poor shadow, a mere negation of light, a new thing, owing its existence (if it could be called an existence) solely to the juxtaposition of a something, stand in opposition to the attractions, which, in a bay of wintry sun-light, falling through the high arched window, were each a reality, with a shadow into the bargain? Assuredly, if I had thought of my shadow in that moment, the probability of some resemblance, however small, existing between a brother and a sister, would have seemed to me to have increased tenfold.

The attendant was lighting the candles, when she rose to go away, passing me again so closely that she brushed my foot with her dress, and by that wondrous touch rendered me entirely deaf to the singing in the choir. When the bâche-covered door slammed to again, and the singing in the choir broke out afresh, the hymn that they were chanting was most wretchedly old-fashioned, hackneyed tune, sung with an unctuous energy and noise, that it was intolerable. Had not my thoughts been occupied with the chocolate boots, became deeply interesting.

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How could a poor shadow, a mere negation of light, a new thing, owing its existence (if it could be called an existence) solely to the juxtaposition of a something, stand in opposition to the attractions, which, in a bay of wintry sun-light, falling through the high arched window, were each a reality, with a shadow into the bargain? Assuredly, if I had thought of my shadow in that moment, the probability of some resemblance, however small, existing between a brother and a sister, would have seemed to me to have increased tenfold.

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